9 Dozen

MOUSE EGGS

"TRICK OR TREAT"

35¢ AS EVER

typos © the poet

ARCMT '76

can 2017

Hopeton Anderson & Guy Birchard, in collaboration

the hole in the wall, the
picture is what I am sending
the sense (sight, audition, at least
3 more ...) crosses, definitely, crosses over

pick the heavy beam up, at least
the birch will be seen this time
tilting in a native wind we borrow
& the sound, a syllable

to be sure, between this force
this one resonance, we breathe
& sing, of course, and immedia-
tely ! , conjoin with the sea, believing.

many faces of muscle are there
& much that is fair, they're revealing.

... neither to interview
the Muse : to wind up in / Her
bad books for flagrant
effrontery, does not make the

song, the day passes long as
endless knife beats the wind
frosty into the ear

a stinger to the heart, like,
evidence of a quick, a very
live changeling; the lethargic

muse crawls in running shoes.

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i

i remember this, wind

taking the dust, the whole
earth making a whirlwind around
the form of this woman, the scarf
off the walrus moves to the sea

but no tongue of hers does not reward
my chest for the power it cannot contain
moving inland so slow / too fast
now

the heart ranges from canada to phoenix

on t.v. jojo white goes to
the hoop again

she is in balance; the seaweed
tastes like salt, the voice below
the broadening wave says the eyes
and forehead disallows the perfect face.

I pivot and she faces me. No move
he could have known. There was no opening
in the scrim a moment ago.
(Grammatically,
this's the historic present & "I"
don't know what "I"
is doing here.)

Like so, we understand each other.

the other beyond the dust dances
the game begins

ii

a sense of light
no sound at
the lips' touch.

Hopeton Anderson &
Guy Birchard

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JIM MELE NEW YORK

UNTITLED

Gathering radio waves
in one hand
has become my newest
trick. A loud noise escapes
from the National Institute
for Health.
The waves, this noise,
tell me
"Full moon tonight, full
moon tonight," as if
I could shut out all
its overworked connections
& use it newly revealed too.

"Come see us," is also whispered.

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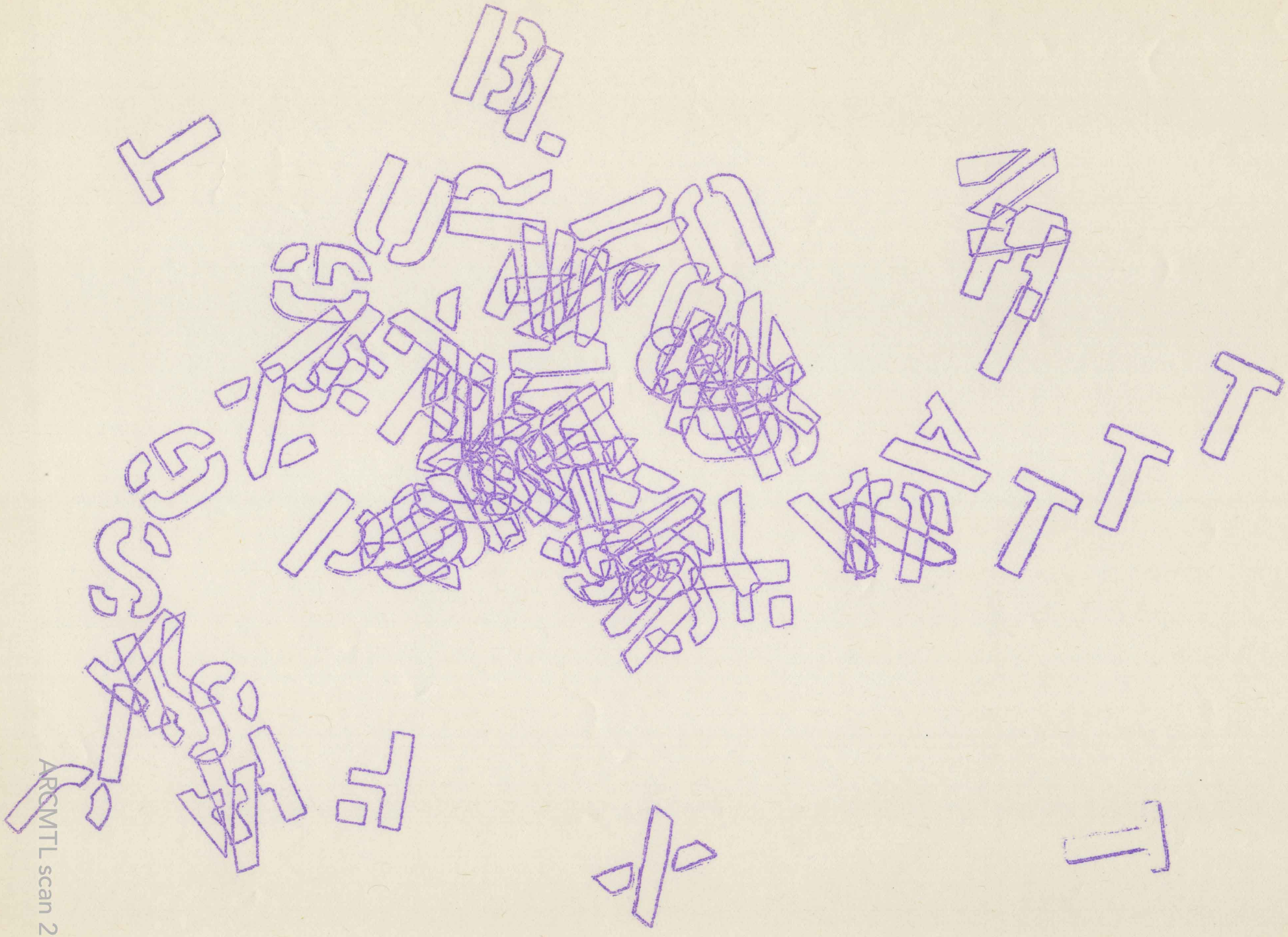

letters in space - 28/9/76. MORRISSEY.

ARCMTL scan 2017

JOHN MCAULEY

march

the moon is dressed
in the colour of ditches
the moon jumps from the branches
of trees like a paratrooper
so this is a story of endurance as
the moon feeds crusts of snow to her prisoners

the night perks with bloodsmell
cold portents trot across the horizon's emptiness
like polish cavalry &
the sun has all the vegetable force
of a pea

now you loses the canopy of an arm
& what is left makes you brave so
like a warrior you describe a broken starfish
one over the same colour
of beer & then great
caesar's ghost escapes

ARCMTL scan 2017

Found Poem - News Item

Paper eater perforated

Sydney - An Australian doctor has reported
a case of a young housewife whose diet includes
five to ten paper tissues and half a page of a
newspaper each day.

The woman is a habitual paper eater, the doctor
wrote in a case history in the latest issue of
the Australian Medical Journal.

She picked up the habit at school, where she
ate pages from exercise books and blotting paper,
the doctor said.

Later, when she began work in an office, she
showed a preference for blotting paper and scraps
from the petty cash voucher book.

She had come to him suffering from severe
constipation. She now is receiving treatment for
a perforated bowel.

*

OPAL L. NATIONS

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Etiquette of Dynamic Introduction

When introducing a gentleman to a lady, the party introducing them should first gain proof that each is a member of the opposite sex. He may do this by bowing dramatically a number of times to each in turn, assuring the closest visual privilege by so doing.

The introductory party thus assured, will bow to each, taking care that the crown of his head assaults the couple's line of vision as the name of each is pronounced.

"Miss Williamson, allow me to introduce to you my friend Mr. Grant, Mr. Grant, Miss Williamson."

Some prefer a more accurate introduction, and in this case the introductory party will pronounce as follows.

"Miss Williamson, daughter of the eminent physician Thomas Walter Allen Williamson of St. George's Memorial, allow me to introduce to you my friend by way of Miss June Bellows of Valepost, Mr. Grant; Mr. Grant, Miss Williamson."

However, the persons being introduced may object to the scant respect paid to their person by way of description and insist (as indeed both may reject this method of introduction), and have the introductory party announce them in terms far more descriptive of the strangers' predicament.

The introductory party would pronounce thuss ...

OPAL L. NATIONS

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Occupation - Action of taking of / possession of / to seize of /
of a place of / or land or / taking up space of /
or engaged in / calling of /

OCCUPATION FORM # 21

Dehairing Man

Pulls overhead
hand lever to
raise metal exit
door of dehairing
machine, examines hog
to see if
properly hairless
allows hog to remain
in machine until
maximum amount of
hair is off
the hair is off
pulls hog carcass
forward to engage
it with conveyor leading
from machine, loads
hair from
machine into hand
truck, with a
large fork, cleans
and keeps machine
good as new.

*

OPAL L. NATIONS

ARCMTL scan 2017

Occupation - Action of taking of / possession of / to seize of /
of a place of / or land or / taking up space of /
or engaged in / calling of /

OCCUPATION FORM # 22

Empty-Pallet Boy

Places empty pallets from
which dried soft
mudbricks have been
removed on a
conveyor that returns
to brick
moulding machine
does not machine
mold brick return to
that conveyor removes
on a mudbrick from
soft dried places which
are empty but
places empty pallets from
which dried soft
mudbricks have
been removed on
a conveyor that
returns to brick
moulding machine until
he is quite mad.

*

OPAL L. NATIONS

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KEN NORRIS

I am the man who can no longer trim the hedge.
Of late I have been stumbling over sleeping dogs
Where they lie.

I am the man who has lost all appetite
For the things of this world;
My desires have forfeited all depth & proportion,
My senses are things of the past.

I am the man you see taking dust out of his pocket,
Who pauses to taste it, who lingers at streetlights,
In no rush to run the risks of traffic.

I am the man every woman dreams of
When she has run out of fantasies
And has decided to really be practical.

I am the man who has become a magnet of fear,
Attracting those who are in mortal terror of their lives,
Too tired to continue & too afraid to give up.

I am the man who rarely enjoys a good breakfast.

I am the man Sherlock Holmes would have been
Had he been born in the middle of this century
In America & forbidden to chase after clues.

I am the man the authorities caught
Gazing at clouds on a clear blue day,
Who prays for rain to ruin the happy weekends of others.

I am the man who has abandoned radio.
Beware of me.

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KEN NORRIS

This poem is Houdini's water tank trick,
The one he died performing on Halloween,
Fever clutching his abdomen, strength gone,
With nothing left to pick the locks
& time running out, light emanating
From the carved pumpkin's head.
It is the curtained place where he hung
Suspended by the ankles, immersed,
Water demanding entry to his lungs,
& he waiting, helpless, for someone with an axe
To break him out. This poem
Is the shattered glass of the rescue
That comes too late.

ARCMTL scan 2017

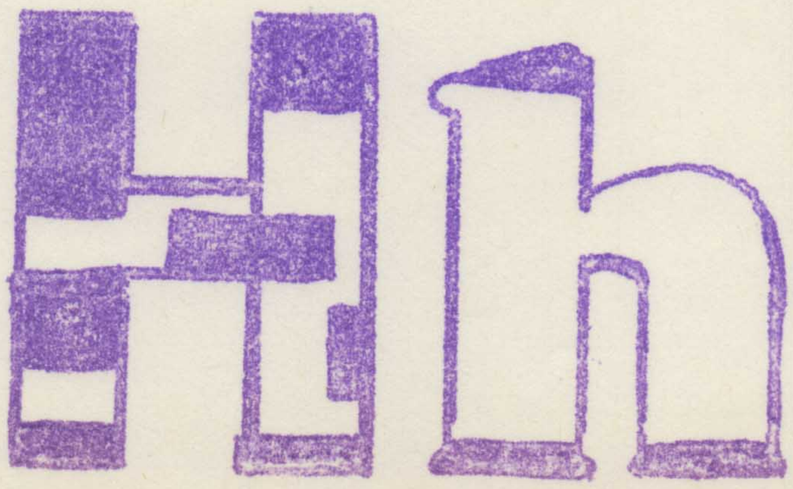
Wood Would Do

Fasten Seat Belts. I'm headed
east-
bound in the west lane. Like taking
candy, hundred yards up.
The terror of the dissolution. Wind-pockets.
10-20-30-40-50-60-70-80-100.

Isn't it always the poor, the handycapped, the elder-
lying about the hailstones. Actually, each
gentleman's agreement, engendered by a sort of

THIS IS CALLED STRETCHING.

T. Konyves



for Halloween only 38¢ 35¢

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Poem: On Your [K.I.] Birthday, Halloween '76

You got

It seems a shame. I know it. But it's
got to be. Is it not brave?

Parity for blue-collar, dog-collar tag rag!

T. Konyves

ARCMTL scan 2017

ENDGAME by Samuel Becket, A Review (P/rose)

Oct. 24,1976. Powerhouse Gallery, St. Dominique. Eight o'clock. Bloody typewriter. Just when I think I got it going.
Ham is wheeled, pope-like, to the window, window-wall. Two garbage cans contain desire, otherworldliness. A telescope for my weak left eye. Thank you. Why can't these actors get along? They've paid the price of admission. I sit in darkness, silence, creating time with him, I take a minute, he takes a minute, scratch my back, I'll scratch yours. They've paid the price of admission. They look at you.
They look beside you. Clov's shuffling about annoyed me. Too didactic. Lacks vision. Good for now and then. Becket writes: Stiff, staggering. This I did not see. He upset the pcarious balance by drawing pity (sic) at the rate of .07 liters per minute, thus INTENTIONALLY acting (sic) contrary to the .007 liters per minute rule (Feb.8,16). The pie in my face was hilarious. Laurel & Ollie were not there. A few lines missing here and there, NOTHING to speak of.

Is it only... Is there only...Read the play (Endgame, S. Becket, Evergreen E-96 -$1.75) first. You might be missing something.

T. Konyves

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LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG.

The bee delights in opening flowers,
The birds rejoice in scented bowers,
The plover loves the lonesome hill,
The speckled trout the silver rill,
The wakeful bittern loves the bog
And I love thee, my faithful dog.
I love with thee, as forth we walk,
Mute though thou art, to smile and talk,
Through beds of lilies white as snow,
Treading their dewy heads, we go;
Arousing, in our merry race,
The mousing cat thou fearest to face-
The mild of mood ay look with awe
On creatures wearing tooth and claw.
But let at night the scared owl screech,
Thy look is fire, thy bark is speech;
With tail extended, white teeth baring,
No lion looks more fierce and daring;
Thy back with rage is all one bristle,
Thy whiskers sharpen like a thistle.
On days of state, 'tis grand to see
Thee strut with dogs of high degree.
No peacock waves his golden trail
So stately as thou shakest thy tail.
Live on unharmed by chain or clog,
My word is-Love me, love my dog.

Barry Cornwall
this poem first saw public light
in 1829 in The ANNIVERSARY
or
POETRY AND PROSE FOR MDCCCXXIX

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